NORTHERN MESSENGER

DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND AGRICULTURE.

VOLUME XVIII., No 8. MONTREAL & NEW YORK, APRIL 16, 1883. SEMI-MONTHLY, 30 CTS. per An., Post-Paid.

SEALS AND SEAL-HUNTING IN THE NORTH ATLANTIC.

BY ERNEST INGERSOLL.

The word "fishery" ought to imply a "fish" to be caught; but the term has become perverted: for instance, we speak of whale, sponge, coral, crab, and oyster, or clam fisheries, yet none of these animals is in the least a fish. Neither is the seal, although it lives in the water, swims and dives. It is, indeed, nothing but a warm-blooded, fur-coated mammal, with all the internal organs and outside structure of a quadruped.

On examining diagrams of the bones in a seal's flipper and an otter's fore leg, you will find that you can match every bone of the one by a similar bone of the other. The shapes of the bones, to be sure, are altered to suit the varied uses of swimming in the water and walking on the land; but all the parts of the arm and hand (or fore foot) of the otter, or any other mammal, are seen also in the flipper of our subject—only there they are shortened, thickened, and covered with a membrane which converts them into a paddle instead of a paw.

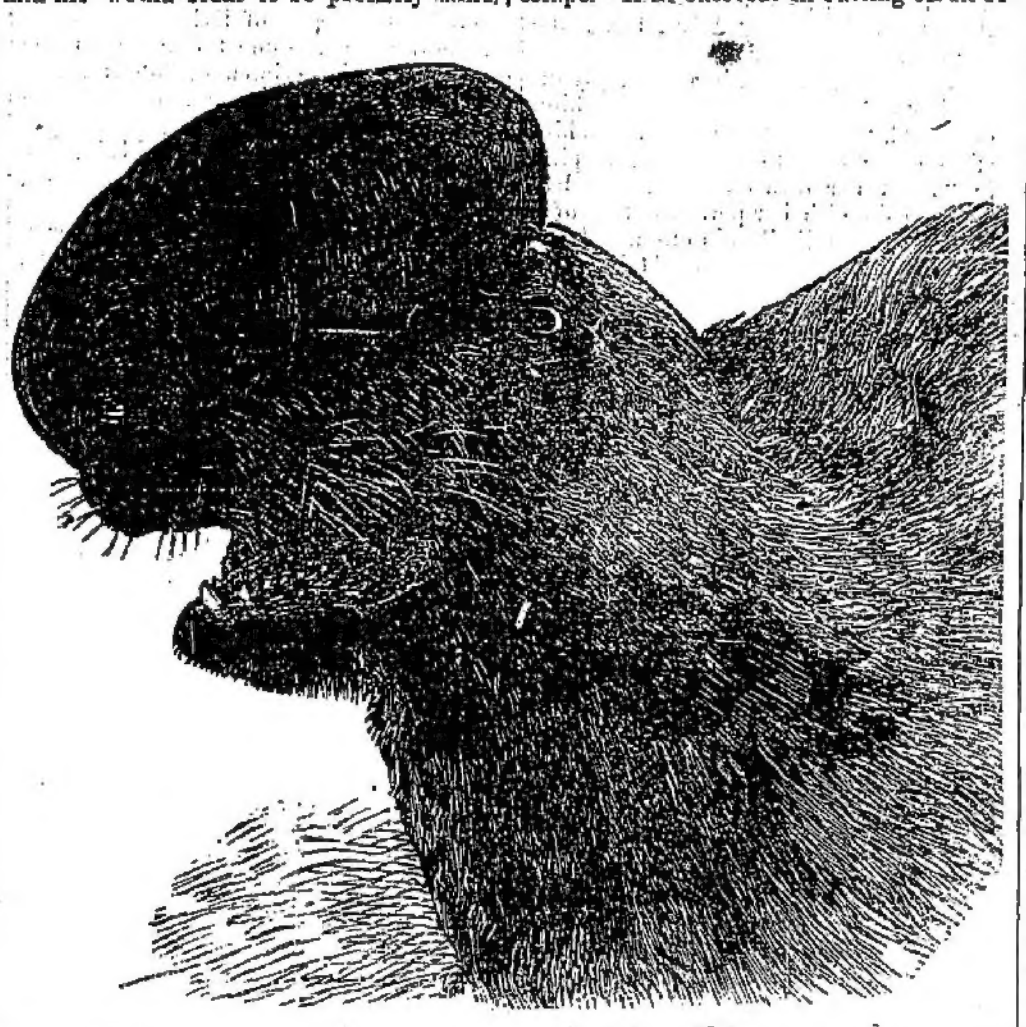
Of course, being mammals these animals must breathe air. You could drown any of them by *forcing it* to remain under the water too long. It is necessary for them, therefore, in the arctic seas, where mainly is their home, to be able to reach the air, even in spite of the sheet of thick ice which for half the year covers the whole ocean. But in large bodies of ice there always are some holes, no matter how cold the weather may be, and these holes afford the seals of that region an opportunity to come to the surface to breathe.

To the Eskimos seals are of the utmost importance, and we may say that in many parts of the arctic world men could not live without these animals.

The annual southward journey of the restless harp-seal furnishes a vivid picture of these great migrations which are so prominent a feature of polar history. Keeping just ahead of the "making" of the ice, or final freezing up of the fiords and bays, at the approach of winter they leave Greenland and begin their passage southward along the coast of Labrador, freely entering all the gulfs and bays. Arriving at the Straits of Belleisle, some enter the gulf, but the great body move onward along the eastern coast of Newfoundland, and thence outward to the Grand Banks, where they arrive about Christmas. Here they rest for a month, and then they turn northward, slowly struggling against the strong current that aided them so much in their southward journey, until they reach the great ice-fields stretching from the Labrador shore far eastward—a broad continent of ice.

During the first half of March, on these great floating fields of ice, are born thousands of baby seals—only one in each family to be sure, but with plenty of play-fellows close by—all in soft woolly dress, white, or white with a beautiful golden lustre. The Newfoundlanders call them "white-coats." In a few weeks, however, they lose this soft covering, and a gray, coarse fur takes its place. In this uniform they bear the name of "ragged-jackets"; and it is not until two or three years later that the full colors of the adult are gained, with the black crescentic or harp-like marks on the back which gives them the name of "harps."

The squealing and barking at one of these immense nurseries can be heard for a very long distance. When the babies are very young, the mothers leave them on the ice and go off in search of food, coming back frequently to look after the little ones; and although there are thousands of the small, white, squealing creatures, which to you and me would seem to be precisely alike, and all are moving about more or less, the mother never makes a mistake nor feeds any bleating baby until she has found her own.



HEAD OF THE HOODED SEAL, OR "SQUARE-FLIPPER,"—"THE SPECIES WHICH SHOWS FIGHT."

Those seals pursued by the Eskimos, are not the species that make the great southward migrations which I have just described, but the ringed seals (*Phoca fœtida*) which remain on the far arctic coasts all the year round. Upon this animal the Eskimos place almost their entire dependence for food, fuel, light and clothing.

At the end of winter, each of the female seals creep up through the breathing-hole (which is named *attuk*); and under the deep snow overlying all the ice-field she digs a cave, eight or ten feet long and three to five feet wide. At one end of the excavation is the breathing-hole, affording a ready means of retreat in case of danger. In this cave the young seal is born, and though protected from the sight of its enemies, here it is often captured.

The old-fashioned native manner of hunting—some of the Eskimos now have guns, and this spoils the interest—called for much skill and patience. In it, each hunter has a trained dog which runs on ahead, but is held by a strap around his neck from going too fast and far. The dog scents the seal lying in its excavation under the snow (the level surface of which of course gives no sign of the cave), and barks; whereupon the hunter, who is close behind, hastens forward, and by a vigorous jump breaks down the cover before the young seal can escape. If he succeeds in cutting off its retreat, it is an easy prey, for he simply knocks it on the head; otherwise he must use his seal-hook very quickly or his game is gone.

When the ice breaks up the Eskimos can go out in their kayaks, the crankiest of primitive craft, on the ugliest of voyages; but this is an adventure they never shirnk, and one that their acquaintance with Europeans has not changed at all. The kayak is eighteen or twenty feet long, but is so light that it can be carried by the one man who forms the crew. It is all decked over, excepting a little round hole through which the young Eskimo squeezes his legs and sits down. Then he puts on a tight oil-skin coat over his garments, and ties it down to the deck all around him, so that no water can pour in "'tween decks." But, on the other hand he must untie the knots before he can get out; so if by chance he capsizes, he must either be content to navigate head down and keel up, or else must right himself by a sort of somersault, which shall bring him up on the opposite side—and this he often actually does.

When the kayaker catches sight of a seal, he advances within about twenty-five feet of it, and hurls the harpoon "by means of a piece of wood adapted to support the harpoon while he takes aim." The animal struck dives, carrying away the coiled-up line with great speed; if in this moment the line happens to become entangled, the canoe is almost certain to be capsized and dragged away with no chance of rising again, many an Eskimo has lost his life through a similar mischance. But if the attack has been successful, the hunter follows with a large lance, which, when the seal re-appears, he throws like a harpoon. This he does again and again, the lance always disengaging itself until the poor seal becomes so weak that it can be overtaken, and killed by a lunge of the knife.

The flesh of the ring seal serves for food all through the summer, and is "cached," or concealed, in the snow, or dried for winter use. From the skins of the old seals the arctic natives make their summer clothing, while under-garments are fashioned from those of the young netsick. Children often have entire suits of the white skins of the baby seals in their first fuzzy coat.

The principal sealing-grounds are Newfoundland, Labrador, and the islands which lie between, but especially the ice-floes off the coast of Western Greenland, the Spitzbergen and Jan Mayen seas; Nova Zembla, the White Sea, and the Caspian Sea.

If the weather permit, the vessel is run into the ice and moored there; if not it sails back and forth in open spaces, managed by the captain and one or two others, while the remainder of the crew, sometimes sixty or seventy, or even more in number, get into boats and row swiftly to the floe. The young seals lie scattered about here and there, basking in the sun or sheltered under the lee of a hummock, and they lie so thickly that half a dozen will often be seen in a space twenty yards square. They cannot get away, or at most can only flounder about, and their plaintive bleatings and white coats might almost be those of lambs. The old seals are frightened away by the approach of the sailors, and never show fight, and the youngsters are easily killed; so the men do not take guns, but only clubs, with which they strike the poor little fellows a single blow on the head usually killing them at once.

Having struck down all they can see within a short distance, the small squad of men who work together then quickly skin, or (as they call it) "scalp" them, with a broad clasp-knife, cutting clear through the thick layer of fat which lies underneath the hide, and so leave a surprisingly small carcass behind. Bundles are then made of

AUBURN GALLION QUE

from three to seven "pelts," and each man drags a bundle toward the boat.

By night, after a "seal-meadow" has been attacked, the decks of the vessel are hidden under a deep layer of fat, slippery pelts. After these have lain long enough to get cool they are stowed away in the hold in pairs, each pair having the hair outward. The hold is divided by stout partitions into compartments, or "pounds," in order to prevent the cargo from moving about and so rubbing the fat into oil, which would speedily fill every part of the hold and the cabins, spoiling all the provisions. A vessel once had to be abandoned from this accident, because it had not been "pounded." The European ships, however, generally separate the fat at once and stow it in casks.

When a cargo of pelts is brought home, the fat is carefully removed and converted into oil, either by the sun or, in less time, by the aid of steam; but the latter produces a quality poorer in some respects both for lamps and for the lubrication of machines. The skins are salted and packed, and become cured in three weeks, finding ultimate use as shoe-leather, and as covering for knapsacks, valises, small trunks, &c.—*St. Nicholas.*

Temperance Department.

RECAPITULATION.

Glass number one, only in fun,
Glass number two, other boys do.
Glass number three, it won't hurt me.
Glass number four, only one more.
Glass number five, before a drive.
Glass number six, brain in a mix.
Glass number seven, stars up in heaven.
Glass number eight, stars in the pate.
Glass number nine, whiskey, not wine.
Glass number ten, drinking again.
Glass number twenty, not yet a plenty.
Drinking with boys, drowning his joys;
Drinking with men, just now and then.
Wasting his life, killing his wife,
Losing respect, manhood all wrecked,
Losing his friends; thus it all ends.
Glass number one, taken in fun,
Ruined his life, brought on strife,
Blighted his youth, sullied his truth.
In a few years brought many tears;
Gave only pain, stole all his gain,
Made him at last friendless, outcast.

* * * *

Light-hearted boy, somebody's joy,
Do not begin early in sin;
Grow up a man brave as you can;
Taste not in fun glass number one.

—*Selected.*

THE MAN IN THE WELL.

BY MRS. F. D. GAGE.

It was one of those dark, dismal, murky days of February which follow the breaking up of a cold spell of weather. It did not freeze, but it was cold; as chilly, cold, wet, and disagreeable as one can possible conceive a day to be. Everybody who could, shut the door and sat down by the fire, shivering, "Oh, how disagreeable it is!" Those who had to go out, buttoned up close, and hurried through the shower as best they might.

There was a man building a foundry in our village, and to supply his engine with water he was having a well dug beside his furnace, which was a heavy pile of stone work. This well was nearly completed, and the men engaged in digging it held a consultation whether they should continue their work.

The elder and wiser of the two said, "No, the earth is too full of water, the ground is too soft, the pressure of the stone too great; it will cave in;" and he refused to enter.

But the other laughed at his fears, descended in spite of all remonstrance, and began his work. In vain his brother entreated him to desist. His reply was, "No danger; I know what I'm about."

But he did not know. The burdened earth gave way, and he was buried many feet beneath an avalanche of sand and gravel.

Wild went the cry over the village, "Fisher's well has caved in and buried Custard beneath!"

The storm, the wind, the rain, the mud, were all forgotten. The merchant dropped his yard-stick; the farmer left his market waggon in the street; the lawyer threw down his book, the mechanic his tools, the minister his pen.

All rushed with throbbing hearts to the rescue. Women caught up their infants and ran amid the storm to sympathize with the frantic wife; and all looked into each other's faces, and asked in gasping whispers, "What can we do?"

Ropes, ladders, spades and shovels were wanted. No one stopped to ask, "Whose is this?" No one said, "That is mine;" but the cry was, "Take it! take it! make haste! oh, make haste!—he will die!"

Down they leaped into the dark abyss. None said, "'tis not my business—do it thou;" but all were so eager that the police had to form a circle to keep off the crowd, lest they should shake down the surrounding earth and bury the workers.

Then there was the stone work; it was pressing heavily. "Tear it away," cried Fisher; "save him!" And with giant strength, aided by the other men, he hurled the huge rocks from their places.

"It will cost him a great deal," said one, more prudent than the rest.

"*Don't talk of cost*; we'll all give him something and help to rebuild. Save him! save him! don't let him die for a few pounds' expense."

They worked like giants, till the big sweat drops rolled from many brows, and strong hands trembled with fatigue; then others took their places, and thus the work went on.

A tin tube was forced down, through which they shouted, and asked the prisoner, if alive, to answer; and his voice came back to them from his grave, "Alive, but make haste; it is fearful here."

He was alive; and with a wild, joyous shout they redoubled their zeal to save him. No one said, "He went in himself—let him die;" no one bade the pleading, weeping wife "mind her own business; they had nothing to do with her perishing fool of a husband; let him die." No one urged the matter as to the legal liability of taking this man's spade, that man's ladder, and the other man's boards; or the penalty attached to destroying the masonry and despoiling the works.

No, no; there was a man to be saved. All else was forgotten, and in the full tide of of human sympathy they risked themselves to save him. And he was saved.

"He is saved! he is saved!" went up with a shout of joy that seemed to rend the skies. "He is saved!" was echoed from every street and alley. "He is saved!" cried the young wife, as with streaming eyes she clasped her infant to her breast, and thought of his relieved wife and little ones. "He is saved—blessed be God!" murmured the aged mother, and the image of her own son flitted before her. "He is saved!" burst forth as from one voice from the whole village.

And yet this was but one man, a day laborer, famed for no extra virtue. Had he died, his would have been but a short agony. His wife would have shed tears of sorrow, but not of shame. His children would have been fatherless, but no dark stain would have sullied their lives; no withering memory would have blighted their young hearts.

Oh, men! oh, women! how strangely inconsistent we are. There are hundreds dying this very day in our Christian land; tens of thousands are being crushed beneath a weight more terrible than the ground in the well; dying a suffering lingering death, that will as surely come to them, if no hand is raised to save them, as it would have come to the man in the well.

Frantic wives are pleading — frantic mothers are imploring—"Save them, save them!"

Dig away the temptations that have covered them up. Tear up the masonry of law and public opinion that is pressing upon them and burying them still deeper, and endangering those who are now safe. Hurl those stones of selfishness from their places. Take this man's rope, that one's ladder; but help, help, in mercy help, ere those thousands die!—die in torments awful, terrible—die in misery, shame, and sin.

Help, help! they were once the wise, the good, the great; the artisan, the mechanic, the merchant, the farmer, and the student. Save them, oh! save them from the drunkard's tomb. Let them not be buried alive in passion and temptation. Up through the dark aisles of life, with the hollow voices of despair they are calling you to save them or they perish! Oh! lift that load that is crushing them, and that they have no power to resist.

Look into the faces of the loved ones, growing pale with anguish. Look at the deep furrows which tears have worn in the sister's cheek. Look at the sunken eye and wan lips of the wife. Look at the bowed form and gray hairs of the mother, and let your hearts be moved. Stand no longer idly watching, while yon victims perish day by day.

What if the jeopardy is self-imposed? So was that of the man in the well; but did you withhold your hands? What if property will be destroyed and the rights of others interfered with? So was it with the property that covered the man in the well; but human life demanded the sacrifice, and it was cheerfully made.

Up, then, men and women! Work to redeem the drunkard as you would your neighbor from other danger. Save him by force. Take him from the mire of intemperance. Drag him from the horrible pit and place his feet upon firm ground:

REMOVE TEMPTATION!

—*British Workman.*

A "'BACCA" FED BABY.

A visitor among some of the English poor during one of the lockouts, when mills were stopped and labor suspended, gave the following account of how one baby lived and grew fat through the hard times.

The wife of a laborer while looking on at a game of "hop-scotch" in which her husband was engaged with other idlers, was describing their way of living. While she was speaking there came toddling in at the door a splendid specimen of Suffolk infantine humanity, aged about four years and with limbs like a baby giantess.

"There, sir!" remarked the old lady, "she don't look much the worse for the lockout, do she?"

I replied that she did not, but rather as though a large amount of the fat of the land fell to her share.

"What do you feed her on?" I asked.

"'Bacca, sir," replied the old lady with a grin.

"Tobacco!"

"Well, that's what they say about here. You see, sir, it's this way. She's my gran' young un, and her poor mother has seven of 'em, and the father is locked out like the rest; and so a month ago my old man—him as you see making such a donkey of himself a minute ago—he says, says he, 'Old woman, dashed if I can enjoy my pipe—which cost ten and a half pence a week, half an ounce of three-penny a day; a cruel hard smoker he's allers been—'I can't enjoy my pipe,' says the old man, 'and see our Joe's young uns wanting a meal; so I'll make over my 'bacca-money to help 'em, and put my pipe out till things mend a bit.' And this is the young un that get's the benefit of it in milk night and morning."

A good many other babies, and their mothers too, might be well fed and well clad if they had the "'bacca-money" and the whiskey-money which husbands and fathers squander.—*Selected.*

NICOTINE POISONING.

A rather unusual case of poisoning by nicotine is remarked upon by the Paris medical journals. The victim, a man in the prime of life, had been cleaning his pipe with a clasp knife, and with this he accidentally cut one of his fingers subsequently; the wound, however, being of a trivial nature, no attention was paid to it. But, five or six hours later, the cut finger grew painful and became much swollen, the inflammation rapidly spreading to the arm and shoulder, and giving such intense pain to the patient as to cause him to take to his bed. Medical assistance was called and the ordinary remedies proved ineffectual. The sick man, questioned as to the manner in which he cut himself, explained the usage to which his pocket-knife had been applied adding that he had omited to wipe it after cleaning his pipe. The case was now understood, and, it becoming alarming, removal to the hospital followed; there the doctors decided amputation of the arm to be the only hope of saving the patient's life, and this was immediately done.

BOYS' AND GIRLS' TEMPERANCE TEXT-BOOK.

BY H. L. READE.

(*National Temperance Society, New York.*)

PART II.

LESSON I.—ALCOHOL IN THE FAMILY.

What earthly relation is nearest and dearest?

The earthly relation nearest and dearest is the relation of parents to children, and children to parents.

Whose love is the broadest, and deepest and most enduring?

The broadest, and deepest, and most enduring love is the love of parents.

What earthly blessing is the greatest that children can have?

The greatest earthly blessing that children can have is the blessing of good parents.

What earthly blessing is the greatest that parents can have?

The greatest earthly blessing that parents can have is the blessing of good children.

What place on earth is intended to be the happiest?

The place on earth intended to be the happiest is the family—parents and children, brothers and sisters, united in common aims and bound together in a common love.

To what is a happy home most truthfully likened?

Heaven.

SOLD INTO SLAVERY.

"Karl Marsh is sold into slavery!" said a man to me the other day.

"Sold into slavery!" I cried, "is there anything like that now-a-days?"

"Indeed there is," was the answer.

"Who bought him, pray?"

"Oh, it's a firm, and they own a good many slaves, and make shocking bad masters."

"Can it be in these days? Who are they?" I asked.

"Well, they have agents everywhere, who tell a pretty good story, and so get hold of folks; but the names of the firm are Whiskey and Wine."

I had heard of them. It is a firm of bad reputation, and yet how extensive are their dealings! What town has not felt their influence? Once in their clutches, it is about the hardest thing in the world to break away from them. You are sold and that is the end of it, sold to ruin sooner or later. I have seen people try to escape from them. Some, it is true, do make their escape; but the greater part are caught and go back to their chains.—*From Chatterbox.*

CROSSING THE LINE.

A boy who went with his father on a voyage to South America was anxious to see the equatorial line, and said to an old sailor: "Jack, will you show me the line when we cross it?"

"Oh! yes, my boy."

After a few days the boy asked whether they had crossed the line. The old tar said: "Yes, my lad."

"Why didn't you tell me, and show it to me."

"The sailor replied: "Oh! my lad, we always cross the line in the dark."

Moderate drinker, you always cross the line between moderate and immoderate in the dark. Mental and moral night settle down on you as you cross the line between moderate drinking and inebriety, blinding you to the awful facts of ruin and death only a little way farther on in the road you are travelling.

MR. SPURGEON, speaking on Wednesday at the opening of a bazaar in Stockwell, said he did not go in for cramming a bit of blue ribbon down people's throats, but he was always glad to see the blue ribbon when it was worn. Some people thought the blue ribbon unnecessary; but it was exceedingly useful sometimes. When he was at Mentone he put on "the blue," and he noticed shortly afterward that down the whole length of one of the tables at the hotel there was only one bottle of wine, while at the other table there was none at all. People began to say that wine was both sour and dear, and they took to drinking orange water, and lemon water, which were cheaper. The landlord of the hotel had no fault to find with him, except to say that it was dreadful to find the whole of the consumption of wine cut off.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

RALPH VINCENT'S FIRST PATIENT.

Ralph Vincent had just returned home after an absence of three years, during which time he had completed his "college course," as the phrase goes, though not as the majority of college boys finish their course, but as a few do, who dig and delve deep in the mines of science and literature, and store away precious jewels that shall sparkle and shine with grand light and beauty throughout their after lives. Bravely he had met, grappled with, and conquered every obstacle that had risen in his pathway, and he had come home with more exalted ideas of his duty to mankind, and a great longing in his heart to do something to benefit society; and he sighed as he thought how really limited his knowledge was, as compared with what remained for him to learn. As he stood by the window musing thus, the door of his room opened softly, and he sprang with joy to meet and fold in his arms the darling sister from whom he had been separated so long; but he looked with surprise upon the pale, delicate girl who stood before him.

"Why, Nellie, what is the matter?" he said. "Have you been ill, and did not let me know of it?"

"No, Ralph, I have not been ill, yet I have not been really well for some time," she said, as she laid her head languidly upon his shoulder.

"Now, my dear sister, there is surely some cause for this, and as the wise men have seen fit to bestow upon your humble brother the title of M.D., you shall be the first patient, and give a strict account of yourself."

Then followed a kind catechism in regard to her life since he left her; and as he heard the story of fashionable dissipation, of balls, full-dress parties, &c., in which his young sister had mingled, the look of surprise left his face, and one of pain and annoyance took its place, and he said:

"Nellie, I am disappointed in you. The other girls have grown up in the round of fashion and gayety, and have married fashionable men, and are even now, though yet young, faded women; but you always seemed to care so little for such things, and when I left home no rosier, prettier maiden could be found than my little 'Rosebud,' as I called her. And I tell you, Nellie, that vision has done much to help me in my hard work, it was so bright and restful. But what do I find on my return home? A tall, slender girl of eighteen, with eyes that show only too plainly the dark circles, with cheeks upon which only artificial roses bloom, lips pale and spiritless, and a brow already lined just a little with *ennui*."

"Oh, do not say anything more, Ralph. A despicable picture you make of me surely. Am I to blame that I cannot retain the freshness and health of my young girlhood? Surely I regret their loss as much as you can; but I cannot help it."

Passing his arm tenderly around the wasp-like waist he said:

"Nellie, supposing when those beautiful ever-green trees were young and tender, we had encircled and covered them with a network of iron, where would now be their beautiful branches and well proportioned limbs?"

"I guess they would be either dead, or present a very curious appearance," said Nellie, laughing.

"Or supposing you should gather one of the hardiest of those lovely blossoms, and hold it tightly in your hand for one day, do you think that at night it would lift its head as proudly and as brilliantly as now?"

"Why, Ralph, what an absurd question. You know that I could not press it in my hand for one hour, without its withering and dying from the heat and pressure of my palm."

"Equally absurd, no doubt, would you think me, if I should walk to yonder clock, and grasp its pendulum firmly in my hand, and hold it still, then wonder why the clock did not tick forth the minutes as when left to its own devices. Yet, Nellie, you do think it strange that a bright, healthy, blooming young girl should be shut up in a hot-bed of luxury, should be constantly deprived of her natural rest, should eat late suppers, should dance in heated ball-rooms, or read light, trashy novels until the small hours of early morn, and should confine herself in darkened rooms for fear of getting sun-browned and coarse, and yet should not be just as bright and gay as when out in the bright sunlight, free as the air she breathed. You think it strange that the wonderful life-clock that ticks forth our minutes and seconds, should not beat just as regularly and truly with the cruel hand of dissipation laid heavily upon it as when nothing hindered its strokes to and fro. You think it strange that the soft, dimpled limbs and rounded form of early girlhood should not retain their fair proportions, even when encased in a net-work of steel braces, whalebones, and laces; and when the latter are drawn so tightly that all the delicate and wonderful mechanism of the tender, youthful form is pushed and crowded out of order, until the chest, lungs and heart are overburdened, and the digestive organs cannot accomplish their mission, which is to help the others in their work; and yet you deem it a strange thing that the young life gets to be a burden to itself and others. A sin is committed, which may show its effects through many years to come; for many of these fashion-manacled maidens become wives and mothers, and transmit to their offsprings their weak and disordered natures."

"Why, Ralph, I never thought of it in this light before. I really do not enjoy this round of gayety, and If you can help me back to the freedom and joyousness of the dear old days, I will glady avail myself of any prescription you may offer."

"That is spoken like my brave little Nell, and now for the prescription. First, you must discard entirely the use of a corset. If stays must be used, purchase some firm drilling, and make a neat fitting waist, with small light whalebones, if necessary, but be very careful to have it quite loose. Then get your riding-habit ready, and we will away with the morning breeze for a gallop over the hills. We will ride and walk, boat and skate; we will bathe in the waters of the sea; we will, in fact, drink in all the fresh air and sunlight we can, bidding defiance to Dame Fashion, save when her decrees coincide with our health and comfort. And we will see if, when the rose-buds come again, my own dear sister will not be the fairest and sweetest among them."

We will not follow Ralph and Nellie in their gay rambles; still we have a curiosity to know the results of his first prescription, so we will visit them after the lapse of three years. Ralph is an established physician in his own town; he has married a gifted and noble lady, who is too proud to bend her neck to the cruel yoke of fashion, and too humble and loving to turn a deaf ear to any cry for help from the poorest of her husband's patients. And Nellie, what of her? If we open the parsonage door (situated very near her brother's house), we shall see her flitting to and fro; and although but a few short monthss have passed since the orange blossoms sparkled upon her brow, still her husband (one of Ralph's college friends, and an earnest working minister of the Gospel), declares her to be a helpmeet indeed in his pastoral work. Under the dispensation of plenty of fresh air, sunlight, and healthful exercise, she has blossomed into what her early girlhood gave promise of, a grand and beautiful womanhood. She often says that she does not "wonder at Ralph's rapidly increasing practice and popularity, if all his patients improve as rapidly under his treatment as did the first one three years ago."—*Mrs. Ettie H. Davis, in Phrenological Journal.*

SMART HELP.

We often hear people speak of the great influence exerted upon the young by those who are employed in the home. But the power of such persons on older members of the family is often strongly felt.

Three years ago last summer, a farmer was anxious to have some one help him during the haying season. Only a short distance from his home lived a young man who was temperate and honest. His was a noble, unselfish heart. Though he might have earned more away from home, he chose to remain on the old farm that his aged father and sick stepmother might be cheered by his presence and help. The young man would gladly have aided the farmer many days, but he turned aside from him because one had recommended a stranger as one who could "do the most work in a day of any man he had ever seen." How often that sentence has been enough to quickly and firmly close a bargain!

The young man who was so active was hired at once. The price paid him was much larger than the neighbor's son would have asked; but the farmer said, "I shall gain by the bargain. John is slow. This fellow is quick and smart."

I can see the two going to the mowing lot together—the man who was past fifty years of age, the man who had long been a member of the church, the man who was so proud of the other, his new hired man.

The summer went by. The barn was crowded with the hay which had been got in so rapidly and in such good order. But I noticed that the farmer sometimes looked sadly at his heaped up treasures. Why? Once in that past summer, on a day of hurry, a thunderstorm rattling across the hills, this man, made so familiar with the oaths of the other, had himself spoken coarse and brutal words. There was also a noontime when the young man who could do so much proffered his employer the flask from which he had often drunk, and he took it. Sheltered by some shrubs, he thought that no one saw him. When I next spoke to him of Christ he said, "I am as good as some church members now!" A young soul hindered, a wife saddened, a father grieved—these are a few of the results from a "smart" hired man's work.—*Zion's Herald.*

SWEEPING.—In sweeping do not scrub your broom into your carpet as if you were sawing a pine board, but sweep lightly and gently, any you will get the dust together just as well, save making half the dust, besides saving a great deal in the wear of the carpets. Many housekeepers wonder why their carpets do not last as well as their neighbor's, which were put down at about the same time, or why this carpet does not wear as well as a previous one of the same kind, and the weaver gets the blame, when, nine times out of ten, it is the sweeper who is to blame. We don't care how smart our help is in other ways, if she digs her broom into the carpet in that pitching, scrubbing way which so many do, we begin to feel nervous, and wish the "help" was somewhere else, for we know how soon the carpet will begin to show it. Nothing in the world sooner spoils good pictures &c., than dust. It gets into the cracks and corners, where it cannot be got out, so that we think it best to always dampen the broom before sweeping. Some people wear out the broom all on one side. Nothing is more suggestive of carelessness than this. When sweeping, hold the broom nearly straight up and down, and brush rather than sweep, being careful to keep the longest side next the carpet. A broom kept straight will last three times as long as one allowed to wear out all on one side.

CHOCOLATE PIES.—Make plain cup cake and bake in Washington pie plates, having the cake thick enough to split. After splitting, spread one half with a filling made as below, place the top piece on and sprinkle with powered sugar. The cake should always be fresh. Filling: One square of Baker's chocolate, one cupful of sugar, the yolks of two eggs, one-third of a cupful of boiling milk. Mix scraped chocolate and sugar together; then add, very slowly, the boiling milk and then the eggs, and simmer ten minutes, being careful that it does not burn. Flavor with vanilla. Have fully cold before using.

ESCALLOPED apple is made with alternate layers of soft bread and sliced apple in a buttered pudding-dish, with a sprinkling of sugar, nutmeg or cinnamon and bits of butter. For a three-pint dish half a cup of sugar will be sufficient, unless the apples are very sour. A little grated rind or juice of lemon, is an improvement. Have a thick layer of bread crumbs moistened in melted butter on top. Cover at first, to avoid scorching, and bake about one hour.

TRY this method for cooking eggs. Heat a meat platter and lay on it as many pieces of toast as you wish, slightly buttered. Beat eggs, with a little salt. Heat in a saucepan a little sweet butter, turn the eggs into it and stir quickly with a wooden spoon till the mass has assumed the consistency of thick cream, pour this over the toast and take it to the breakfast table.

THIN SLICES of bread dipped in tomato sauce and then fried in butter until they are brown, take the place of an omelet. This is a good way to utilize stale bread.

PUZZLES.

CHARADE.

My first is a title to young ladies given
When they make their *debut* on life's stage;
'Tis also a mistake, though hard you have striven
To erase it from memory's page.

My second a part of a verb you will find;
And in places not always most rural
I'm abused by many with treatment unkind;
By using me oft as a plural.

The bee when extracting the sweets from each flower
To hoard for chill winter's use,
Is said of my third to use magical power
To absorb the sweet saccharine juice.

My fourth is a mess that printers all hate,
And has caused much wrath I do fear;
But a small vowel add, lo! the change is so great
They'll eat it each day of the year.

If my whole you would find, then your atlas bring out
And search with the utmost of care
On the map of America, and without doubt
You soon will discover it there.

PARALLELOGRAM.

Across: 1. Sober. 2. A petition. 3. To claim.

Down: 1 turf. 2. Before. 3. Obscure. 4. A name. 5. A weight. 6. To stop.

ANAGRAMS.

The following are a scientist, two poets, and a historian:

"H. M. S."—Youth axle.
"It was a cast."
"Oh! I burn a rat so."
"B. do begin, draw!"

DECAPITATIONS.

1. Behead a bell, leave a tree.
2. Behead a fillet, leave an animal.
3. Behead one, leave an insect egg.
4. Behead custom, leave a wise man.
5. Behead to sell, leave to finish.
6. Behead a plant, leave to engrave.

ENIGMA.

In wine, not in beer.
In time, not in year.
In love, not in marriage.
In girl, not in carriage.
In ink, not in pen,
In hawk, not in hen.
In man, not in wren.
My whole, once royal,
Ruled England loyal.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.

POETICAL EXERCISE.—

1. Stood little Molly by the gate;
Her cousin Arthur cried, "Please wait.
There's coasting by the river-bank;
Let's go for Bessie, Jean, and Hank."
Said Molly, "If the ice is thin,
There's danger lest we tumble in.
It really makes me creep and shake,
The thought of colds we all would take."
"Oh, little coz," said Arthur, "why
To find objections do you try?
The snow is firm, the air is nice,
And glitters brilliantly the ice,
And on my word you may depend,
That soon our winter sports will end;
So hush the fears that stir your breast,
And hurry, dear; here come the rest."

2. Then skipping by, came Lou and Hal,
And Kittie, Minnie, Jack, and all;
And "do!" they cried, and pleaded oh!
With cheeks and lips like stars aglow.
Then Molly, laughing, answered, "Look,
There's Uncle Jim with bell and book,
And by his frown I fear we may
Expect to coast some other day,
Since some of us with little ease
Must coast through fractions, if you please."
At this they bade her go to school,
But said they could not be so dull.

1. Whittier. 2. Holmes.

DIAGONALS — Emerson. CROSS-WORDS — 1. Ever. 2. Amen. 3. Tree. 4. Near. 5. Rest. 6. Foot. 7. Nest.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA—
"Heaven is above all yet; there sits a Judge
That no king can corrupt."

RIDDLE.—Parchment, pens and wax.

HIDDEN MONARCHS. — Victoria. Egbert. Francis. Edward.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.—
V
S A D
V A L I D
D I N
D

CHARADE.—Carpet.

TO CURE A COUGH.—Roast a lemon very carefully without burning it; when it is thoroughly hot, cut and squeeze into a cup upon three ounces of sugar, finely powdered. Take a teaspoonful whenever your cough troubles you. It is as good as it is agreeable to the taste.

MOHAMMED TEWFIK, KHEDIVE OF EGYPT.

THE KHEDIVE OF EGYPT AND HIS WIFE.

BY REV. GEORGE C. SEIBERT, PH. D.

Of all men in high position no one perhaps had during the last year to go through greater troubles and trials than the present ruler of Egypt, Tewfik Pasha, the son of Ismail Pasha. Under peculiar circumstances Tewfik ascended the throne when his father Ismail, who, in his desire to promote the civilization and welfare of Egypt, had burdened the country with an immense debt since 1863, was compelled to resign in 1879, and to leave the country. The state was bankrupt, the interest on the national debt could not be paid. England and France appointed commissioners, who were to control the finances of the country, and to see that the creditors would get all money due to them. The young Khedive limited the expenses of his court in every respect, and tried his best to save the credit of the country. A military party, headed by Arabi Pasha, rose, gained power and influence, and abused the Khedive. He deposed Arabi, but was compelled by the Mohammedan ulemas (priests) and the officers of the army to restore him. We do not tell the rest: it is still fresh in our memory, that Arabi rose in open rebellion, that he had the Khedive deposed by a council of the Notables at Cairo, that he caused the British to bombard Alexandria, and that he even threatened the life of the Khedive, who was only saved by the intervention of General Stone and other American officers.

In the midst of all these fearful trials and tribulations, the Khedive Tewfik had one true and faithful friend who stood by him, comforting, encouraging, supporting him in the dark hours through which he had to pass, sharing his afflictions, and by doingso lightening their burden. This friend was his noble and faithful wife.

Princess Emineh is of noble descent; her mother was the daughter of a Padishah (Sultan); her father was a son of Abbas, who from 1848 to 1854 had been ruler of Egypt, and had been assassinated in the night from the 12th to the 13th of July, 1854, at Venha-el-Hassel. Abbas was succeeded first by Said Pasha, his uncle (1854–1863), and then by Ismail Pasha, his cousin the father of Tewfik. Princess Emineh is therefore a near relative of her husband. She knew him from early childhood, and was his love when he, who was born in 1852, was still a boy.

No wonder that the young prince fell in love with Princess Emineh, for she is not only a great beauty, but also an intelligent and virtuous lady. She is fond of study, and speaks English and French fluently. She does not smoke, neither does she indulge, as Mohammedan ladies generally do, in wearing costly apparel, or in dainties and confectionery, which are detrimental to health. She is said to quote the word of Shakespeare,

> "Why so large cost, having so short a lease,
> Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend?"

and to follow the rule,

> "Be poor without, increase thy inward treasures."

Her husband has raised himself above the contemptible custom of taking several wives. Emineh is his only wife, and she is a true and loving and faithful wife to him. She was married to Prince Tewfik in 1873, and has ever since exercised a very beneficial influence over her husband. They have four handsome and healthy children, two sons, Abbas and Mohammed Ali, and two younger daughters. She is to her children a faithful and loving mother. To her, as to the Roman Cornelia, they are her jewels. She takes good care of them herself, and keeps for them English nurses and teachers.

Princess Emineh is of prepossessing appearance. She is exceedingly handsome, a stately, well-built figure, and noble bearing with a high intellectual forehead, rich brown hair, large dark eyes, finely cut noble features and a white color of the skin. She is a princess in her appearance and even in her manners and whole bearing. She dresses like a European lady. To her husband she is attached by true affection, which he reciprocates fully. When in the dark hours of the war she was advised to leave her husband, she stood by him and when the British before they bombarded Alexandria, offered to the Khedive and his family one of their ships as a place of refuge, she insisted that they should remain in the doomed city and rather perish with it, and her advice prevailed.—*Illus. Chris. Weekly.*

A TRUE STORY.

One day in October Willie and I thought we would go chestnutting, so we took our baskets and started for the woods.

Behind our house, beyond the pasture where the cows—Lily, Violet, Rose, Clover, and Harebell—were feeding, there is a grove of chestnut-trees, and the ground was covered with the brown shiny nuts; for there had been a heavy frost the night before, and, you know, it takes a good white frost to crack open the hard prickly burs.

We went to work at once, and soon our baskets began to feel heavy. Then, when we heard a noise overhead, we looked up, and there, in a big tree, were two little chipmunks scolding away at us, and saying, in squirrel language, "Look at those two selfish people! They're taking all our nuts.

But, after watching us for a while, they saw that we were not smart enough to get all the nuts; so they began to feel happier, and to chase each other up and down the tree, and along the ground toward us. The one that was being chased was so excited that I suppose he took me for a tree, for he ran right up to my shoulder, went round my neck twice, and at last stopped on my hands, which were clasped together.

There he stayed for a full minute, looking at me with his bright black eyes, as much as to say, Why! if this isn't fun, I thought I was running up a tree, and, instead of that, here I am in the hands of one of those giants who steal our nuts. I wonder if the monster will hurt me!"

Then, I suppose, I moved my hands, for down he jumped, and ran pell-mell up a tree, and into his hole; and that was the last we saw of our friend the chipmunk.—*Nursery.*

PRINCESS EMINEH WIFE OF THE KHEDIVE.

WHAT SAMMY'S MONKEY DID.

Sammy Brown had a monkey. He bought him of an organ-player. He named him Billy.

Sammy's mother did not know what a naughty monkey he was. If she had, she would not have given Sammy the money to buy him.

Sammy thought he was very cunning. All the boys at school thought so too. They all wanted one just like him. Sammy had him out every Saturday afternoon. He was dressed in a gay little uniform. He would play on a drum. He was fond of mischief; and when no one was watching him he would do some very queer things. He would take the spools from Mrs. Brown's work-basket. He would carry them away and hide them.

He would take her thimble and wax, and hide them too.

Sometimes he would bring them back again. Sometimes Mrs. Brown would have to find them herself This gave her a good deal of trouble.

At last Billy acted so badly, that Mrs Brown told Sammy that she could not have him in the house any longer. One morning Mrs. Brown went away to spend the day.

She thought the monkey was fastened out of the house. But he got in through a window. When Mrs. Brown came home she did not think of Billy. She opened the door of her pantry. She saw a dreadful sight. She knew at once that Billy had been there. He had moved the dishes all about, from one shelf to another. He had poured milk and sugar over the floor. He had emptied bottles of medicine into clean dishes. He had broken up a whole loaf of cake and scattered it around. He had eaten out the middle of a pie, and turned it over in the plate. Mrs. Brown could not find her spoons and forks anywhere. But she found them afterwards in the cellar.

Now Mrs. Brown had to go right to work and clean her pantry.

After she had put that in order, she made a fire in the stove. All this time Billy was not seen anywhere.

The fire had been burning a few minutes, when Mrs. Brown heard a terrible scratching in the oven, and out jumped Billy as spry as ever.

He ran out of doors. He was not seen again until the next morning.

Then Mrs. Brown told Sammy that the monkey had made so much work for her, that she could not have him any longer.

Sammy saw that his mother was very much in earnest.

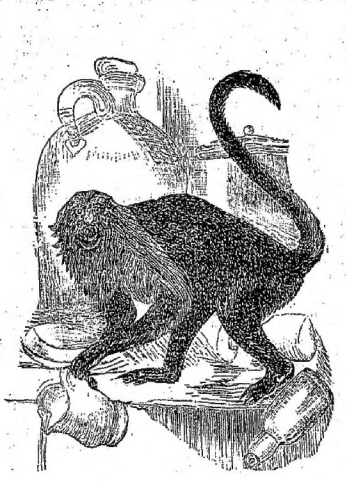
So he sold Billy to a pedler who came along the next day.

The pedler gave him fifty cents for Billy.

Sammy was sorry to let him go, but he wanted to please his mother.—*Our Little Ones.*

A BOY'S VICTORY

A dozen boys stood on the green by the school-house, careless and jolly, just from a game of ball. A boy came round the corner of the school-house with an old cloth cap on his head, and wearing a loosely fitting garment of coarse cloth. In his hands were an iron stove shovel and a hod of ashes. "Oh, here comes old Dust and Ashes," shouted one of the group, springing forward and giving the coat a jerk. "Hello! what's the price of sackcloth?" The boy's cheek flushed in an instant. The shovel rang on the gravel walk, and his fingers clutched; but as quickly his cheek paled again, and clenching his teeth, with a great effort to keep back something, he turned a little and uttered the word "mother!" "Ho, ho!" shouted the other. "The baby's sick and wants to see his mother."



The boy in the coarse frock turned away, and rapidly disappeared behind the old barn; then, breaking into a run, he fled swiftly down the path to the maple woods, and faithful Hunter bounding and racing by his side. Most graciously stood the maples all russet and crimson and yellow, bathed in the yellow haze of the still October afternoon. In among their shadows he sprang, his feet rustling the already fallen leaves, and flinging himself in a little hollow, he buried his face in his hands. Poor Hunter stood by wondering why his young master, any more than himself, could possibly think of anything but birds and squirrels at such a time. Then the boy, seizing his only playmate in his arms, cried, "Oh, nobody loves me, nobody loves me in the world, but you, Hunter! O mother, mother, why did you die?" And the sobs came fast and thick, and the tears flowed like rain. Long did the motherless boy wail and cry, till from very weariness he could weep no longer. Tears brought relief, and the holy quiet of the grand old woods filled him with solemn and holy thoughts—thoughts of his dead mother.

Only one year ago she had died, and he remembered his agony and loneliness, and the year of toil as the ward of a cruel uncle. He remembered his eagerness to go to school, his trying to pay his way working about the school room, and the unfeeling gibes and jeers his humble station and coarse clothing had earned him. Again the angry, rebellious thoughts came up, as his eyes fell on his coarse coat, and the quivering sobs returned: but with them came the words of that mother, and how her poor fingers toiled to make that coat, the best she could give him. Though coarse its texture, every thread was hallowed by a mother's love. He took from his vest-pocket the well-worn Bible, her Bible, and read the precious promise to the widow and orphans, again and again. New and strange thoughts came to him, and there in the grand old forest with autumn sunset shimmering the golden maple leaves, was a new purpose born in his soul. He had begun to conquer himself. Henceforth there was no hesitation for him. Body and soul he devoted himself to God. Companions might jeer, but Jesus reigned in his heart.

The years rolled on, and the boy became a man, but the purpose formed in the old maple grove burned in his bosom yet; and now his feet tread the deck of an Indian steamer, bearing him swiftly to the chosen scene of his toil, for these words are in his heart: "I must be about my Master's business."—*Standard.*

BE SLOW TO CALL FOR HELP.

The Bible teaches us to be "kindly affectioned one to another," and to "bear one another's burdens." But this does not mean that we are to do other people's work for them; only that we are to be willing to lend any possible assistance in our power to others in actual need. That is all. It don't encourage us to run to others for relief every time we get a disagreeable task on our hands.

It is right and honorable to ask for help when *needed*, but not till then. Many young people become accustomed to seeking assistance. This is a habit easy to form but hard to correct. Take heed! God has given you muscle and mind: always test that thoroughly before bothering anybody. Be slow to call for help. Be independent by depending upon yourself. Don't task the sympathy of friends too much. Cautiousness generally gains more than it loses; but never more so than when applied in this connection. Who wants to help any one who has not done his utmost to help himself? Looking ever to others for aid, your imaginary helplessness will become understood and sympathy lost, you will be left coolly alone—abandoned to your own resources. In little things, as in great, do your best first, and only after repeated failures, and in real need, ask aid. Then you will merit help. We generally get from others what we deserve.—*Children's Paper.*

MARK THIS, BOYS.

"Did you ever know a man who grew rich by fraud, continue successful through life, and leave a fortune at death?"

This question was put to a gentleman who had been in business forty years. After reflecting for a while, he replied: "Not one. I have seen many men become rich as by magic, and win golden opinions, when some little thing led to an exposure of their fraud, and they have fallen into disgrace and ruin. Arson, perjury, murder, and suicide are common crimes with those who make haste to get rich regardless of the means."

In Making Preparations in the flower garden, do not forget the children's bed. If they are old enough to take care of it themselves, all the better, but let there be a place filled with common and pleasing flowers, where they can go and pluck at will, and not be in fear of the injunction "Don't touch."

The Family Circle.

BRAVE AND TRUE.

Whatever you are, be brave boys!
The liar's a coward and slave, boys!
Though clever at ruses,
And sharp at excuses,
He's a sneaking and pitiful knave, boys.

Whatever you are, be frank, boys!
'Tis better than money and rank, boys;
Still cleave to the right,
Be lovers of light;
Be open, above board, and frank, boys.

Whatever you are, be kind, boys!
Be gentle in manners and mind, boys;
The man gentle in mien,
Words, and temper, I ween,
Is the gentleman truly refined, boys.

But, whatever you are, be true, boys!
Be visible through and through, boys;
Leave to others the shamming,
The "greening" and "cramming,"
In fun and in earnest, be true, boys!

—*Leicester, Eng., Post.*

MRS. HARRY HARPER'S AWAKENING

BY PANSY.

CHAPTER I.—CARRIED BY A GOOD CURRENT.

A fair-faced, blue-eyed, golden-haired beauty! A child-wife. There were times when you could not help feeling it to be almost pitiful, that, so early in her girlhood, she had assumed the cares and responsibilities of womanhood. Especially as her girlhood had been spent in a fashionable seminary, where she learned about as much of the responsibilities of life as a bright-winged bird, hovering over a summer garden, learns of the affairs of state. Two experiences in her life stood out with ever-vivid clearness and freshness. Indeed, both were so recent that they could hardly yet be said to be among her past experiences.

One was, when white-robed and flower decked, and with just the requisite number of buttons to her white kids, and just the right tint of yellow to her rich laces, she had stood, with pink cheeks and shining eyes, and held her daintily perfumed sheets of tinted paper, delicately tied with a ribbon that matched her eyes, and with sweetly modulated voice that could not be heard twenty feet away from the platform, and with a strong throbbing of her frightened heart, that it seemed to her could be heard all over the hall, read her essay entitled: "The Procession of the Hours." During the reading a gorgeously attired butterfly looked in upon the scene, swam airily across the hall and lighted for a moment on the bouquet of tube roses that decked the stand; and it was impossible to avoid the notion that it knew almost as much about the Procession, and took in as solemn a sense of its tremendous possibilities, as did the trembling bit of flesh and blood beside it. Nevertheless there was an immeasurable distance between them; the butterfly sailed off into space, and was thought of no more; and the reader received presently her solemn-looking roll of yellow parchment, which told that she had completed the curriculum of study laid down by that old established and intensely respectable institution; completed indeed, the circle of the sciences. Then she stepped out into life, an immortal, never to be lost sight of; living still when the butterfly's wings shall have mingled with the dust of ages!

The other experience followed fast upon this, when, white-robed again, she stood, this time with a wreath of orange blossoms about her fair hair, and a veil of rarest lace, pinned by a diamond of almost priceless value, trailed along the central aisle of Westminster Church, while the organ swelled its melody until the very arches caught the sound and seemed to repeat them. This time her face was almost as pale as the satin dress she wore; for among the long "procession of the hours" had come to her the solemn one in which she was to speak the irrevocable "I do," which would make of those two "no more twain, but one flesh."

Thus had Mrs. Harry Harper been whirled through life; day-school, dancing-school, boarding-school, marriage vows, until she was stranded at last on the second floor of a fashionable hotel in a fashionable city, totally strange to her, and with absolutely nothing to do, not so much as to arrange the knick-knacks on her toilet-case. What in the name of common sense was this stranded young pearl to do with the hours?

Calls? Well she was a stranger; the husband was a recent importation from a large business house to this branch firm in this smaller city; only smaller though, by comparison with one so many degrees larger; for, in itself, it thought itself a large and important city. In time there would doubtless be many calls to return, for Harry Harper was not one to remain long unknown. Shopping? Why bless your heart, she was a bride! Don't you remember how that genius of the last decade characterized American mothers as those beings who acted, when their daughters were about to marry, as though all dry goods stores were to be closed for at least six months and a half year of Sabbaths were to celebrate the event. Assuredly, Mrs. Harry Harper, though she looked lovingly in at the pretty things in the windows as she passed, could not recall a single want, or, what is more extraordinary, even a single wish ungratified in that line. Books? Oh, yes; well, she had plenty of them, elegantly bound; standard works; but, truth to tell, she was weary of books. Had she not often eaten her lunch with a French reader spread open on her knee, and a French dictionary under her arm? Had she not slept many a night with a treatise on some bewildering science under her pillow? It made her sigh to think of books; sometime, perhaps, away in the future, when a silver thread was beginning to gleam in the gold of her hair, she might learn to like books again, but not now. This is one of the interesting results of the cramming process in certain fashionable schools.

Was Mrs. Harry Harper a Christian? I find that I hesitate over the question; and yet, yes, after careful thought I believe I may say, she was. A blessed wave of Christian influence had swept even over the fashionable seminary, but a few months before she graduated (and, if I had time, it would be interesting to go back and tell you of the apparently trivial line of incidents that led to this remarkable result); but she was just a babe in Christ; an unnourished babe at that. There had been those who rejoiced over her conversion, who kissed her with tears in their eyes, and told her they were glad; and they were; and then they had left her to stumble along as best she might. True, she was a babe; her feet were tottering; she might fall, and then it would be sad, and then, possibly, somebody would run to her and try to help her up; but in the meantime no one thought to so support the weak steps that they would have no need to fall.

So Mrs. Harry Harper came to this strange city, without any very settled or intelligent understanding of what she ought to do, or how in the least to do it. Her husband was a Christian, it is true; had been for years; at least he had been a church-member; but if he had ever felt the importance of the profession, and the measure of his responsibility, he had long buried the feeling in a whirl of successful business; so that up to the time when our story opens, husband and wife had never exchanged a dozen sentences on the subject of personal religious experience. As regarded the hundred avenues of Christian work, fields white to the harvest on every hand, waiting for the laborers, Mrs. Harry was as ignorant as a humming-bird, and her husband was not very many degrees in advance of her.

So behold her, on this sunny spring morning, arrayed in the most exquisite of spring costumes, ready for a walk; yet as she gave careful attention to the many buttons on her gloves, there was a shade of irresolution, even weariness, on her pretty face. She went out for a walk every morning, because Harry said she ought to exercise, and because it was less wearisome than to stay in the house. Yet she had nowhere to go, nothing to do, no interest in the people whom she met, or the sights that she saw. Her whole life had been spent in a larger and much more brilliant city. How was she going to get through with the weary hours that intervened between now and the time when Harry would rush in from his distant store? No fear of loneliness after that. They were sufficient to each other, these two.

The weary look deepened into one of positive discontent as she moved slowly along the busy street; everybody seemed to have a special destination in view, and be eager to get there. Everybody was in a hurry save herself. Especially was she impressed with the fact that an unusual number of women were abroad; interesting-looking women; many of them in travelling attire; many of them with an air of earnestness, or of definiteness, that in her listless mood, impressed her keenly.

Who were they, and where could they all be hurrying? Why were there so many more of them this morning than usual? She would like to know some of them; their faces interested her, rested her; yes, for she actually felt tired! There is really nothing that will tire one so utterly and hopelessly as idleness. Presently, as she studied the faces of the people who were all going in an opposite direction from herself, a new feature about them attracted her attention. They wore on the left shoulder, or fastened to their pins, or chains, somewhere about them, modest-looking bits of white ribbon, bearing the cabalistic letters: "W. P. B. F. M." What could those letters mean? She found herself utterly unfamiliar with them. It must be a convention of some sort. She shuddered at the thought! A convention of women! What a disagreeable sight must that be! Did they argue, she wondered? Did their faces grow red with passion? Did they call each other hard names, and fling bitter sarcasms at one another, as she had heard her father and brother tell of the political conventions belonging strictly to the male sex? But what could the letters represent? "Woman's Right's?" No. The "W" would do; but what about the rest? Perhaps it was a benevolent society, and they had a fair somewhere in the city. She would rather like to attend, if that were the case. Then she tried to fit the letters "Woman's Fancy Bazaar"—was it W. F. B.? No, there were other letters, and this wasn't the order in which they came. She studied the next badge carefully. What could that stand for? and the B. was before the F. It couldn't mean Fancy Bazaar; she knew there was a great rage in this country for copying the French; but surely the fever would not have led them to want to say "Bazaar Fancy." She tried again: "Woman's Purchasing Bazaar for—" Well for what! Ignoring the fact that it would be a very awkward sentence thus far, what was she to do with the "M."? She amused herself by fitting all sorts of probable and improbable words to it, trying to make a reasonable conclusion.

"I wonder where the meeting, or the fair, or whatever it is, is held?" she asked herself. "How they are crowding along! Why as many as a hundred ladies must have passed me! I believe I will turn and follow them. It must be a proper enough place to go, since so many ladies are hurrying that way. Nice-looking ladies, too; some of them are noble-looking." Possessed with that silly idea, common to womankind, that to turn squarely around in the street and walk in the opposite direction, would draw the attention of the crowd, she turned instead into a stationary store, near at hand, and made a purchase of the first article on which her eye alighted, which proved to be a very small blank book. Then she boldly joined the W. P. B. F. M., bent on learning the attraction, whatever it was. Only a short walk around the corner, down another block, and the procession of women ahead of her filed into a great church. She hesitated. What if it were a matter belonging strictly to themselves? A secret society, such as the gentleman had—was it proper for her to follow? But then, such a company of them, and in the broad sunlight of a week day morning and in a church; it must be proper enough to see what there was of interest.

"We are late," said a sweet-voiced lady at her elbow; "I am sorry; I dislike to enter a meeting after it has opened." This sounded friendly; Mrs. Harry could not do other than smile upon her, and admit that it was unpleasant.

"Walk right in: this way, ladies," said the cheery voice of an usher. "You will not disturb the meeting; they are just attending to a little item of business." Then Mrs. Harry found herself following his lead and entering the audience-room of the handsome church. There seemed to her to be more genuine cordiality in the invitation than she had received in a church since she left her own home. Instantly her eye was attracted by the display of flowers and vines on the platform. How perfectly aglow with beauty they were! The whole church was pervaded with a faint, delicate perfume like the breath of a summer morning, and the ladies on the platform were as though they dwelt inside a bower of the Lord's own fashioning. Whose hand but his could have furnished the cool, green, graceful ferns, bending their feathery branches on every side? Whose hand but his could have fashioned the lilies in their glory, as they smiled on this young worshipper of beauty, and drew her instinctively down the aisle, instead of dropping into the first seat that offered? The bright faced lady who had addressed her was just at hand, and smiled an appreciation of the beauty, and murmured as they took seats together: "'Consider the lilies.' Doesn't that platform make you think of it? No, it hadn't. The young bride was all too unaccustomed to the Bible to have familiar verses spring to her heart to match the sight of her eyes. But she thought of it now, and supplied the rest of the verse, and took a new lesson in the power and care of the beauty-loving God.

CHAPTER II.—DID SHE BELONG?

The choir were singing a strong, grand hymn; new to her, as indeed most hymns were; but the tune carried her back to a certain evening in the seminary chapel, when, with beating heart and tear-wet eyes, she bowed her head in prayer, and felt, for the first time, the presence of One to whom she said, "My Lord and my God." The rush of recent events had, sadly enough, already set this sweet memory in the background, but it came back to her in full force this morning, and helped to deepen the sense of sweetness and restfulness in the atmosphere about her.

She bowed her head and joined in the prayer that followed and though it sounded strange indeed to her coming from a woman's lips, overshadowed by the sanctity of the pulpit, yet the words were so simple, so earnest, so impassioned, that she could not, but in a degree, forget the surroundings and join in the petitions. In the little rustle that followed the prayer, she ventured to address a word of enquiry to the cordial lady beside her.

"Is the woman who prayed a missionary?"

"Oh, no; she is just a worker here at home; but she is very much in earnest."

Mrs. Harry Harper suppressed outward token of her surprise, but she had not deemed it possible that any one not actually engaged in the missionary field could have such a keen, throbbing eagerness of heart for the cause. Truth to tell, she had never even realized that missionaries felt as much as that prayer indicated; though, of course, they were, by some mysterious process, unknown to other Christians, gifted with superhuman powers of self-abnegation. Mrs. Harper did not put that belief into actual words, but she represents a by no means small majority, who, in their secret hearts, seem to feel it.

I feel myself unable to picture to you the strangeness of this scene to the child-wife looking on. A great church filled at that hour of the morning with women; a sea of upturned faces—earnest faces, bright faces, young and beautiful faces, old faces crowned with silver hair—all of them belonging to women. Women on the platform many of them; unembarrassed, at ease, apparently at home in all the details of management. All of them wearing those fair white ribbons, with those clear black letters, whose signification still eluded her. This was no fancy bazaar: who ever heard of one being thronged at ten of the morning by an army of plainly attired, quietly seated women, bowing their heads in prayer, led by one of their number! Mrs. Harper was at home in the management of fairs and festivals and fancy tables, and every contrivance of the sort beginning with "f" that she could think of, and none of them presented this front. She glanced about her curiously, the inscriptions on the walls being the next thing that caught her eyes—done in evergreen, evidently prepared for this present occasion; large plain letters, enclosed in evergreen frames, Africa, China, India, Syria, Persia. What had all those far-away countries to do with this gathering of women in the very centre of America? Surely

these were not missionaries! She scanned them closely; nothing in dress or manner accorded with her somewhat curious ideas of missionaries. Nay, a glance on the platform revealed the presence of some ladies known to her by sight as belonging to the elite of her own city. Presently she was called from her reverie by the sound of a strong penetrative voice, belonging to a white-haired majestic looking woman. A little wave of feeling went about the congregation, such as in an indescribable, but perfectly understood, manner reveals the fact that one whom the people love, and have waited for, is before them. Despite the ignorance of the object of all this gathering and the position of the leaders, Mrs. Harper found herself strangely held by the power of the address that followed. Unquestionably the subject was missions. And in regard to that entire subject, viewed from whatever standpoint Mrs. Harry Harper was utterly ignorant. She listened to those words throbbing with eloquence, coming to her from a woman's lips; she listens in fascination. The statistics appalled her! could it be possible that there lived such an army of human beings who had no idea of God! Then certain sentences stood out in startling boldness. "In all these lands," said the speaker, "woman is reduced to the level of the brute." Childhood, wifehood, motherhood, womanhood, home, have no existence there. How could the happy young wife's heart help throbbing a response to this desolation? How could the lonely child, who so missed her old home and her mother, feel other than dismayed over the thought that so many knew not the meaning of the word? Coming back from the reverie into which these words plunged her, she listened again. "Fifty thousand ordained ministers in the United States; to furnish China half as well would empty the Protestant pulpits, and then leave a deficit." Mrs. Harper turned her head instinctively and looked at the word China, done in evergreen. How immense it was! Why should the people be left in such spiritual blackness? Presently the little lady beside her turned a beaming face her way, nodding assent to a sentence.

(To be Continued.)

A CHILDREN'S PASTIME CLUB.

Dropping in one after another, the mothers and aunties who composed the Neighbors' Club found themselves assembled around a friendly lamp. Mrs. Miniver opened the discussion. The subject was children's parties.

"You cannot expect girls to succeed in school," said Mrs. Jameson; "if they are all the time having their attention diverted. I do not believe in late hours or late suppers for school girls."

"The trouble is," said Mrs. McKenzie, "that girls between fifteen and eighteen feel as if there were no standing ground for them. They are not little children, and they resent being treated as though they were still in the nursery. They are not grown up, and they cannot go into society as their elder sisters do. We have a bevy of very young people—girls and boys both—in our little community, and my sympathies go very warmly to them when they are at 'the awkward age,' as some term it."

"What would you propose?" said Miss Du Pressense. "Are you in favor of these dreadful children's parties, which ruin children's health, and rob them of their beautiful simplicity before they have had time to learn anything of life?"

"Rachel, Rachel," said Aunt Betsey, "let Mrs. McKenzie speak. She has something on her mind—that is plain."

"Yes," said that lady, "I have. The social element would not be so strongly implanted in our natures, if it were to be repressed. We have no right to restrain our growing girls and boys from all companionship with each other. If we do, we incur the danger of making them deceitful. Of course, study is their chief business in their later years of going to school; but recreation they ought to have, as well. Now, why could not we neighbors arrange a children's pastime club, to hold meetings at our houses, under our encouragement, during the winter? It might include our own children and a few of their young friends; and my plan to conduct it, if you will pardon me for putting myself in the foreground, would be something like this—shall I tell you?" Every lady said yes, or bowed acquiescence. Aunt Betsey knitted serenely on; and Mrs. Miniver, who sat near the lamp, took a few stitches in her embroidery. But all listened.

"I would let it be considered an honor to belong to this little club, and the members originally composing it should not have authority to add new members, without the express consent of their parents. A simple afternoon dress, the ordinary home toilet, ought to be all that the girls should wear; and the boys should come in their usual everyday clothing. The only thing to be insisted upon for the boy-members should be perfect nicety as to hair and finger nails, shining shoes, and clean cuffs and collars. As the mother of boys, I know how apt the best of them are to forget these little external matters, in their earlier years.

"I would have a regular evening, once a week for the children's meeting. The hour of assembling should not be later than seven; and the closing hour always half-past nine, at the very latest. The children might meet at each other's houses in turn; and the lady at whose house the Pastime met, should stay in the parlor and oversee the entertainment. My notion would be to have a little programme for each evening. The children who were learning music, and the boys who study elocution, between them, might make a pleasant and brief order of exercises. For one evening, we will say, there might be a duet by Sophie T. and Ada K., a recitation by Louis B., and a violin solo by Walter R. This over, I would let the children spend the rest of the evening in play, and occasionally in a frolicsome romp, only not suffering it to grow rude or hoydenish. Sometimes, instead of a programme which the children should carry out, I would have some older person read or tell them a story, and then let them talk it over before their play began. A microscopic or a magic lantern exhibition might be given sometimes."

"Or a candy-pull," said kind Aunt Betsey. "That would please them."

"A candy-pull, certainly, once in a while, provided a lady could be found to surrender her kitchen to a band of giddy young people for the purpose."

"As we are Christian mothers," said Mrs. McKenzie, "I do not see why, once a month, we could not let this Pastime Club of ours be a missionary meeting. Just in what way to conduct it, on that evening, we would have to talk of hereafter; but if our homes are to be genuine training schools for Christian workers, we ought not to go to our own prayer-meetings and missionary-meetings and leave our children out. I think that our religion, the comfort and the true joy of it, should be woven in with everything in life; and so I always wish to see my children remembering that they are children of the covenant. I would never like one of these happy little meetings to dissolve, no matter how gay the hour may have been, without a song of praise. Children's voices are never so sweet, as when they are lifted in hymns."

"I have a pretty illustration, or confirmation; of that in my memory," said Mrs. Jameson. "One morning last week I had been to the city on business, and was returning to my house rather weary. As I took my seat in the open car a half dozen children under twelve, entered and were seated behind me. They had lunch-basket's and were going to the park for an afternoon's picnic. Presently they began to sing:

> "'God loves the world of sinners lost
> And ruined by the fall.'

"You should have seen how everybody, after one breathless look at the youthful singers, just settled into their places and enjoyed the sweet hymn and others, warbled forth by the children who were singing for very gladness of heart."

"This little club of yours, Mrs. McKenzie," said Mrs. Miniver, "implies a good deal of trouble for somebody. The mothers would have the responsibility of it."

"Certainly, mothers, aunties and elder sisters would have to take their share of a little trouble. Still, it need not be so very much. The whole up-bringing and education of children implies trouble and responsibility; but, if faithfully undertaken, it is full of reward."—*Christian Intelligencer.*

TASTE AND SEE!

BY S. M. CAMPBELL, D.D.

"I greatly wish I had your faith. My belief is all unsettled, and, I assure you, the circumstance is no comfort to me. I suppose you will hardly believe me, but if I could have what I most desire, I should be a Christian, as you are."

So said a somewhat sceptical gentleman of my congregation some years ago; and I answered, "I wish you would rise some evening in one of our prayer-meetings and say that." And though he made some objection, I was greatly delighted, on the next Wednesday evening, to see him present, and still more delighted when he rose and quietly said, "I am not a Christian believer, as you all know, but I am frank to say I wish I were."

Special prayer was offered for him; and as we passed out I suggested to him to begin praying for himself. He answered, "I do not know as there is any God to pray to;" and I said "call and see." He did not promise; but a week later he appeared again in prayer-meeting, and had good news to tell. He had called on God at a venture; and no sooner did he call than light began to dawn. As he found help for himself, moreover, he wanted his family to enjoy it with him; and so for several days he had been calling them together every morning for worship. And now, though some shadows lingered, he was hoping that he should soon come into clear light. This was twenty years ago; and from that day to this he has held on his way, a consistent, useful Christian. It was not argument that saved him; it was experience.—*American Messenger.*

MISSIONARY CATECHISM.

How many inhabitants are there on the earth? About 1,400,000,000.

How many of these are idolaters? About 850,000,000.

How many does this make who either know nothing of Jesus or are opposed to Him? About 1,020,000,000, being two-thirds of the population of the earth.

Of the remaining 385,000,000 how many belong to the Papal Church? About 195,000,000.

How many belong to the Greek Church? About 78,000,000.

How many belong to the Copt, Armenian and other oriental churches? About 7,000,000.

How many are nominally Protestants? About 100,000,000.

How many are members of the Protestant Churches? About 20,000,000.

How do the professed followers of Jesus compare in number with the others? They are about one in seventy-five.

How many Protestant missionary societies were there at the commencement of this century? Seven.

How many now? Over eighty.

How many Protestant missionaries were there in the year 1880? About seventy.

How many now? About 2,500 ordained European and American missionaries, over 7,000 ordained native preachers, assisted by female missionaries, native assistants, &c., making a total of about 5,800 missionaries and nearly 14,000 native helpers.

How many native Protestant communicants in mission lands the first of this year? About 540,000.

How many of these were received during 1881? About 24,000.

How much was given last year by Protestants for mission work? About $8,000,000.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

"NOBODY EVER TOLD ME!"

Passing near an encampment of gipsies, I went in amongst them. After buying some of the skewers they were making, I learned one of their number was ill, and begged to be allowed to see him.

In the tent I found a lad alone, and in bed, evidently at the far end of the last stage of consumption. His eyes were closed, and he looked as one already dead. Very slowly in his ear I repeated the Scripture, "God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." I repeated it five times without any apparent response; he did not seem to hear even with the outward ear. On hearing it the sixth time, he opened his eyes and smiled. To my delight he whispered—"And I never thanked Him! but nobody ever told me' I'turn Him many thanks—only a poor gipsy chap! I see! I see! I thank Him kindly!"

He closed his eyes with an expression of intense satisfaction. As I knelt beside him I thanked God. The lips moved again. I caught "that's it." There were more words, but I could not hear them.

On going the next day, I found the dear lad had died (or, rather, had fallen asleep in Christ) eleven hours after I left. His father said he had been very "peaceable," and had a "tidy death." There was no Bible or Testament in the encampment. I left one of each. The poor man wished me "good luck," and gave me a little bundle of skewers the "boy Jemmy" had made.

It was apparently the first time this dear boy ever heard of God's salvation, and with unquestioning faith he took God at His word, and with his dying lips thanked Him that He so loved the world as to give His Son for him, a "poor gipsy chap." God is satisfied with the finished work of the Lord Jesus Christ. This poor lad was also satisfied, and this mutual satisfaction was instant and everlasting salvation. In eleven short hours he exchanged that forlorn, rickety tent, for the Paradise of God, where he is tasting that God is as good as His word.

If you have not with your heart said amen to God's way of saving lost sinners, you are on the extreme verge of that death which God calls "eternal," and He alone has the keys of hell and of death. But the "grace of God that bringeth salvation" is brought down to you—to your very level to-day. Oh! will you walk past it to the "great white throne" lying ahead of you, and thence to the fire that "never shall be quenched"? or will you pause and take it, and "return Him many thanks"?

My fellow-believer! may God forbid that any one within your reach or mine should ever have occasion to say, with regard to these everlasting realities, the awful words, "Nobody ever told me!"—*Band of Hope Review.*

Question Corner.—No. 8.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. When did some arrows save a friend's life?
2. What class of men wore linen bonnets?
3. When did a cake of barley bread give courage to a judge and his army?
4. What king's life was saved by some figs?
5. When was one bunch of grapes carried by two men?
6. When did a taste of honey almost cause the death of the king's son?
7. Who caused iron to swim?
8. When was a jaw-bone used as a weapon?
9. What loaves were freshly arranged every Sabbath?
10. Of what were mirrors made by the Jews?
11. Whose daughter was Noah?

Give chapter and verse.

SCRIPTURE ACROSTIC.

"The words of the wise and their dark sayings."

1. What will the Lord direct if we acknowledge Him in all our ways?
2. Than what is wisdom more precious?
3. What is it that maketh a wise man mad?
4. What kind of woman is a crown to her husband?
5. Whom does the Lord make to be at peace with the man whose ways please Him?
6. What does Solomon recommend for the back of him that is void of understanding?
7. What is it that maketh rich and has no sorrow added to it?
8. Who is it that is advised to go to the ant and consider her ways?

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN NO. 6.

SCRIPTURE QUESTIONS.

Prov. 2: 6. Phil. 4: 6. Paul. Gal. 6: 2. James 5: 16.

EASTER ACROSTIC.

T-homas.
H-oreb.
E-lisha.

L-ydia.
O-badiah.
R-hoda.
D-orcas.

I-saac.
S-ardis.

R-achel.
I-shmael.
S-amuel.
E-lijah.
N-ebo.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

Correct answers have been received from Annie Black, David McGee, M. Edith Waters, Frederick Holland, Annie E. Brown, Clara E. Folsom, and J. P. Hunter.

SCHOLARS' NOTES

(From Westminster Question Book.)

LESSON IV.

April 22, 1883. [Acts 9: 19-31.

SAUL PREACHING CHRIST.

COMMIT TO MEMORY VS. 20-22.

(Revised Version.)

And he took food and was strengthened. 19
And he was certain days with the disciples which were at Damascus. And straightway 20
in the synagogues he proclaimed Jesus, that he is the Son of God. And all that heard him 21
were amazed, and said, Is not this he that in Jerusalem made havoc of them which called on this name? and he had come hither for this intent, that he might bring them bound before the chief priest. But Saul increased 22
the more in strength, and confounded the Jews which dwelt at Damascus, proving that this is the Christ.
And when many days were fulfilled, the 23
Jews took council together to kill him: but 24
their plot became known to Saul. And they watched the gates also day and night that they might kill him; but his disciples took 25
him by night, and let him down through the wall, lowering him in a basket.
And when he was come to Jerusalem, he as- 26
sayed to join himself to the disciples: and they were all afraid of him, not believing that he was a disciple. But Barnabas took 27
him, and brought him to the apostles, and declared unto them how he had seen the Lord in the way, and that he had spoken to him and how at Damascus he had preached boldly in the name of Jesus. And he was with them 28
going in and going out at Jerusalem, preach- 29
ing boldly in the name of the Lord: and he spake and disputed against the Grecian Jews; but they went about to kill him. And when the 30
brethren knew it, they brought him down to Cæsarea, and sent him forth to Tarsus.
So the church throughout all Judæa and 31
Galilee and Samaria had peace, being edified; and, walking in the fear of the Lord and in the comfort of the Holy Ghost, was multiplied.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"He which persecuted us in times past now preacheth the faith which once he destroyed."—Gal. 1:23.

TOPIC.—The Convert's Early Experiences.

LESSON PLAN.—1. AMAZED HEARERS, vs. 19-22. 2. CONSPIRING ENEMIES, vs. 23-25. 3. DISTRUSTFUL BELIEVERS, vs. 26-31.

Time.—A.D. 37-40. Places.—Damascus—Jerusalem.

INTRODUCTORY.

Our lesson to-day follows in close connection with the last, but its events cover a period of more than three years. Saul was now a humble disciple, forgiven and baptized in the name of the Lord Jesus. Weak from his long fast, he received food and was strengthened. At once he began to preach Jesus, whom before he had persecuted. It soon appeared that it would not be safe for him to remain at Damascus. Accordingly, he left the city and went into Arabia. Gal. 1:17. Then he returned to Damascus, and preached boldly in the name of Jesus. Our lesson continues his history from this point.

LESSON NOTES.

V. 19. MEAT—food. V. 20. PREACHED CHRIST—Revised Version (following the oldest manuscripts), "Jesus." The new man began a new work. V. 21. THIS NAME—the early Christians were designated "callers upon Christ;" they prayed directly to him, invoked his aid and paid him divine honors. Clearly, it is right to pray not only to the Father, but also to the Son. V. 22. VERY CHRIST—the true Messiah. V. 23 MANY DAYS—this includes the time he spent in Arabia. Gal. 1:17, 18. On his return he at once resumed his ministry, to the great peril of his life. V. 23. TOOK COUNSEL—plotted together. The greatness of his danger appears from his own account. 2 Cor. 11:32. V. 25. BY THE WALL—through the window of a house upon the city wall. 2 Cor. 11:33; Josh. 2:15. The first of many hair-breadth escapes. V. 26. ASSAYED—attempted. This was the year after his conversion. AFRAID OF HIM—suspicious, and slow to believe in the reality of the change. There are some stains it is very hard to wash out. Men are very slow to trust those who have been notoriously wicked or have treated them badly. V. 27. BARNABAS—this man's high standing (ch. 4:36; 11:23) gave his word great weight with the apostles. Stand by your friend when he is under a cloud and you know him to be trustworthy and true. TO THE APOSTLES—to Peter and James. Gal. 1:18, 19. DECLARED—gave a full account. V. 28. COMING IN—during fifteen days. Gal. 1:18. V. 29. GRECIANS—Jews and proselytes speaking the Greek language. WENT ABOUT—endeavored. V. 30. SENT HIM FORTH—he wanted to remain at Jerusalem, but received express command from the Lord to go elsewhere. (See ch. 22:17-21.)

TEACHINGS:

1. God can change his bitterest enemy to his most devoted friend.
2. Young Christians should begin at once to testify for Christ.
3. Christian strength is gained by Christian service.
4. Faithfulness to Christ often provokes hatred and opposition.
5. A holy church will be a growing church.

LESSON V.

April 29, 1883.] [Acts 9: 32-43.

PETER WORKING MIRACLES.

COMMIT TO MEMORY VS. 32-35.

(Revised Version.)

And it came to pass, as Peter went through- 32
out all parts, he came down also to the saints which dwelt at Lydda. And there he found a 33
certain man named Æneas, which had kept his bed eight years; for he was palsied. And 34
Peter said unto him, Æneas, Jesus Christ healeth thee: arise, and make thy bed. And straightway he arose. And all that dwelt at 35
Lydda and in Sharon saw him, and they turned to the Lord.
Now there was at Joppa a certain disciple 36
named Tabitha, which by interpretation is called Dorcas: this woman was full of good works and almsdeeds which she did. And it 37
came to pass in those days, that she fell sick, and died; and when they had washed her, they laid her in an upper chamber. And as 38
Lydda was nigh unto Joppa, the disciples, hearing that Peter was there, sent two men unto him, intreating him, Delay not to come on unto us. And Peter arose and went with 39
them. And when he was come, they brought him into the upper chamber: and all the widows stood by him weeping, and shewing the coats and garments which Dorcas made, while she was with them. But Peter put them 40
all forth, and kneeled down, and prayed; and turning to the body, he said, Tabitha, arise. And she opened her eyes: and when she saw Peter, she sat up. And he gave her his hand, 41
and raised her up; and calling the saints and widows, he presented her alive. And it be- 42
came known throughout all Joppa: and many believed on the Lord. And it came to 43
pass, that he abode many days in Joppa with one Simon a tanner.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"Jesus Christ maketh thee whole."—Acts 9:34.

TOPIC.—Christ the Giver of Health and Life.

LESSON PLAN.—1. THE HEALING OF ÆNEAS, vs. 32-35. 2. THE MOURNING FOR DORCAS, vs. 36-39. 3. HER RESTORATION TO LIFE, vs. 40-43.

Time.—Probably about A.D. 40. Places.—Lydda and Joppa.

INTRODUCTORY.

Luke, having carried the history of Saul to a convenient resting-place, now goes back to take up another thread of history. The persecution that arose at the martyrdom of Stephen had spent its fury. The scattered Church had carried the gospel throughout Palestine. What threatened to be its destruction had given it new vigor. The blood of the first martyr was the seed of the Church. Peter undertook an apostolic visitation for oversight and instruction. Our lesson to-day tells us of two events that took place during the journey. It was not until Peter's return from it that Saul came from Damascus to Jerusalem, as related in our last lesson, and spent fifteen days with him (Gal. 1:18), coming in and going out at Jerusalem. v. 28.

LESSON NOTES.

V. 32. LYDDA—about ten miles east of Joppa. V. 33. ÆNEAS—probably a Greek-speaking Jew. V. 34. JESUS CHRIST—Peter was careful to show that this miracle was wrought by the power of Jesus Christ. IMMEDIATELY—with the believing effort came the strength to obey. V. 35. SARON—Sharon, a fertile plain along the coast north of Joppa. V. 36. JOPPA—an ancient seaport town on the Mediterranean, about forty miles north-west of Jerusalem; now called Jaffa. TABITHA—an Aramaic name; in Greek, Dorcas, each meaning "gazelle." Among Eastern poets the gazelle was a favorite emblem of a beautiful woman. FULL—her heart and life, her time and strength. V. 38. SENT UNTO HIM TWO MEN—as more urgent and respectful than one. V. 39. WEEPING—there is no epitaph so expressive as the tears of the poor. WHICH DORCAS MADE—while Jesus lived women ministered to his personal comfort; when he was gone they ministered to him in the person of his poor ones. Dorcas has given her name to female societies that do a work like hers. V. 40. PUT THEM ALL FORTH—after Christ's example. Luke 8:51. So also did Elijah: 1 Kings 17:19. PRAYED—he looks to God for the working of this great miracle of mercy. ARISE—the command was given in faith in a divine power which alone could raise the dead. V. 43. IT CAME TO PASS—providentially, as a part of the divine plan. God had a purpose, as we shall see in our next lesson, in having Peter tarry longer at Joppa. MANY DAYS—literally, "sufficient days"—just as many as were needed to carry out God's plan.

TEACHINGS:

1. True piety sinks self and exalts Christ.
2. It is full of unselfish kindness and charity.
3. Women have a work to do for Christ and his people.
4. The death of the good is a loss to the living.
5. It is the life of Christ that gives life and healing to the world.

LESSON VI.

May 6, 1883.] [Acts 10: 30-44.

PETER PREACHING TO THE GENTILES.

COMMIT TO MEMORY VS. 42-44.

(Revised Version.)

And Cornelius said, Four days ago, until this 30
hour, I was keeping the ninth hour of prayer in my house; and behold, a man stood before me in bright apparel, and saith, Cornelius, 31
thy prayer is heard, and thine alms are had in remembrance in the sight of God. Send therefore to Joppa, and call unto thee Simon, who is surnamed Peter: he lodgeth in the 32
house of Simon a tanner, by the sea side. Forthwith therefore I sent to thee; and thou hast well done that thou art come. Now 33
therefore we are all here present in the sight of God, to hear all things that have been commanded thee of the Lord. And Peter 34
opened his mouth, and said,
Of a truth I perceive that God is no respect- 35
er of persons: but in every nation he that feareth him, and worketh righteousness, is acceptable to him. The word which he sent 36
unto the children of Israel, preaching good tidings of peace by Jesus Christ (he is Lord of all)—that saying ye yourselves know, which 37
was published throughout all Judæa, beginning from Galilee, after the baptism which John preached: even Jesus of Nazareth, how 38
that God anointed him with the Holy Ghost and with power: who went about doing good, and healing all that were oppressed of the devil: for God was with him. And we are 39
witnesses of all things which he did both in the country of the Jews, and in Jerusalem; whom also they slew, hanging him on a tree. 40
Him God raised up the third day, and gave him to be made manifest, not to all the people, 41
but unto witnesses that were chosen before of God, even to us, who did eat and drink with him after he rose from the dead. And he 42
charged us to preach unto the people, and to testify that this is he which is ordained of God to be the Judge of quick and dead. To him 43
bear all the prophets witness, that through his name every one that believeth on him shall receive remission of sins.
While Peter yet spake these words, the 44
Holy Ghost fell on all them which heard the word.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"On the Gentiles was also poured out the gift of the Holy Ghost."—Acts 10:45.

TOPIC.—The Gospel for the World.

LESSON PLAN.—1. THE CENTURION'S VISION, vs. 30-33. 2. THE GOSPEL FOR ALL NATIONS vs. 34, 35. 3. CHRIST'S LIFE MISSION, vs. 36-44.

Time.—Probably about A.D. 40, soon after the last lesson. Place.—Cæsarea, on the Mediterranean coast, in the house of Cornelius, a Roman centurion.

INTRODUCTORY.

Hitherto only Jews and Jewish proselytes had been received into the church. In our lesson to-day we have the first recorded instance of the preaching of the gospel to the Gentiles. Cornelius, a Roman centurion, a devout man, who had learned to worship the one true God, was told by an angel to send to Joppa for Peter, who would tell him what he ought to do. While his messengers were on the way, Peter had a vision to prepare him for their coming. By God's command he went with them to Cæsarea. There he found Cornelius in the midst of relatives and friends whom he had brought together to listen to the apostles' words. How Peter preached to these Gentile hearers, and how the Holy Spirit fell upon them while he was preaching, we are told in to-day's lesson—a lesson of special interest to us Gentiles, since it shows that Jesus came to save not the Jews only but Gentiles also.

LESSON NOTES.

V. 30. THE NINTH HOUR—three o'clock in the afternoon. A MAN—an angel of God (v. 3); a heavenly messenger in human form. Heb. 1:14. V. 33. BEFORE GOD—with a sense of his presence and expecting a message from him. COMMANDED THEE—Cornelius did not doubt that God, who had told him to send for Peter, had told Peter what to say to him. V. 34. OF A TRUTH—clearly, no longer dimly and uncertainly. NO RESPECTER OF PERSONS—he does not accept a Jew just because he is a Jew, nor reject a Gentile because he is such. (See Col. 3:11; Rom. 2:28, 29.) V. 36. THE WORD—the gospel of salvation through Jesus Christ. PREACHING PEACE—peace with God. Zech. 6:13; Eph. 2:14-17; Col. 1:20; Rom. 5:1. LORD OF ALL—both Jew and Gentile. V. 38. ANOINTED JESUS—set him apart and furnished him to be the Saviour of men. Peter confines himself in his preaching to the person, offices and work of Christ. WITH POWER—the Holy Ghost was given without measure to him. WENT ABOUT DOING GOOD—a short statement of our Lord's life and labor of love. We should try to be like him. FOR—his miracles proved that God was with him. V. 39. We—the apostles. V. 40. RAISED UP—from the dead. SHOWED HIM—Revised Version, "gave him to be made manifest"—caused him to appear openly. V. 41. NOT TO ALL—only to his chosen disciples. WHO DID EAT—and thus were able to witness that it was the very same person with whom they had been familiar. Luke 22:18; 24:41-43. V. 42. COMMANDED—Mark 16:15, 16. QUICK—living. He is Lord of all (v. 36), Judge of all, and Saviour of all, in all nations, whosoever (v. 43) believe in him. Observe how Peter dwells on the four great doctrines of the gospel—the mission of Christ, his death, his resurrection and the final judgment. V. 44. FELL ON ALL THEM—this "Gentile Pentecost" was very much like the giving of the Holy Ghost at the Jewish Pentecost at Jerusalem. While Peter was speaking these words of a gospel for all nations and for WHOSOEVER WILL, the Holy Spirit fell on them all. Whether there was any outward visible appearance—any rush of wind or tongue of flame—we are not told; but the result was that they began to speak with tongues.

TEACHINGS:

1. Christ came to be the Saviour of Gentiles as well as Jews.
2. He is to be our Judge as well as our Saviour.
3. We should hear the gospel with a desire to learn all that God has commanded.
4. We must both hear and believe if we would be saved.
5. While we speak for Christ we should expect that the Holy Spirit will touch the hearts of hearers.

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